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MORY OF  
STANFORD TAYLOR

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This copy for  
Miss Gertrude Stanford  
with affectionate regards of  
Edward Robert Taylor

San Francisco  
July month. 1900.





IN MEMORY

OF

HELEN STANFORD TAYLOR

Who, in her eighteenth year,  
passed from earthly being on  
the evening of the third day  
of June, nineteen hundred.

By E. R. T.

FIFTY COPIES PRINTED AT SAN FRANCISCO FOR PRIVATE CIRCULATION  
IN THE MONTH OF JULY AND YEAR NINETEEN HUNDRED



Oh, give me words all steeped in tears,  
And heated in the hottest fire  
My heart has known in all its years,  
To body forth my grief's desire;

To speak of her who was to me  
A vision of celestial light,  
But whom I can no longer see  
No matter where I strain my sight.

2073944







CAN this be day? The sun  
 is up,  
 And I have had my break-  
 fast cup;

The wagons roll along the street  
 Where men go by with hastening feet;—  
 Ah, yes, it must be day.

But come and see where cold she lies,  
 Death's fingers on her once-bright eyes;  
 With pallid lips that cannot stir;  
 The aching mother bent o'er her;—  
 Ah, no, it is not day.

## II



CANNOT deem that she  
is dead;

I cannot think that she has  
fled

Forevermore from me;

For in the midst of nightly things

There is a something subtile brings

Her form again to me.

### III



BIRD of strange and bril-  
liant hue

With powerless wing was  
fain to fly;

But as my heart its fate did rue,

A sudden wind from out the sky

Swept it far up until it seemed

The strength had come its soul had  
dreamed.

#### IV



OW bloomed round her the  
flowers of nurturing care,  
How breathed on her Home's  
kindliest summer-air,  
How softly smooth her daily paths were  
made,  
From that sweet moment Life first gave  
her breath  
Until that bitter time her dear head laid  
Its lilyed loveliness in lap of Death!

## V



Y heart was kept with fear  
astir

Lest lightest harm might  
come to her;

My lips could not have dared to speak  
One word to pale her bloomy cheek.

But now my fears are gathered up  
In grief's exhaustless wormwood-cup,  
And though I spoke in loudest tone  
Her cheek no paler hue could own.

VI



**N** mystery's face I did but  
peer  
When she my heart with  
love did fill,  
And yet her pulseless beauty here  
Breeds mystery which is greater still.

## VII



HOSE dainty fingers, how  
they swept  
The keys until the music  
leapt

With bounding, heartsome thrill;  
But now as on her breast they lie,  
They from Death's organ wring a cry  
Than polar ice more chill.

## VIII



FROM out a wood where  
waters ran  
As only joyful waters can,  
Where flower and tree  
with rapture heard

The ecstasy of many a bird,  
And in the air was such a lull  
That everything of peace seemed full,  
I sudden came upon a cave  
With brooding gloom as of the grave,  
And peering in the darksome nave,  
Awe-struck I saw upon a stone  
A mother bowed in grief alone.



## IX



H, mournful joy to call to  
mind

What often comes at  
memory's beck:

To see around each other's neck,  
Like honeysuckles intertwined,  
The arms of mother and of her  
Whom Death forbids dear Love to stir.

X



MUSIC fell upon mine ear  
As though from some ce-  
lestial sphere,  
Then sudden ceased, and  
discord's clang  
Throughout my heart remorseless rang.  
Alas! what awful woe  
In human heart may grow!—  
What dreadful thought to stab a man,  
That Heaven from Hell is but a span!

## XI



LONE I lay on desert  
sands,  
No water near my palsied  
hands,

Above me vultures' ravening bills,  
And in my heart the grief that kills.

'Twas but a dream, as well you say,  
And as a dream, has passed away;  
Then let us kneel beside her bier  
And beg the faith that casts out fear.

## XII



OW far I've come since I  
was born  
To be thus stricken and  
forlorn;  
To halt beside Life's rugged road  
And pray for strength to bear my load.

### XIII



N angel met me in the  
wood

And led me where her  
sister stood;

Then each one kissed me on the cheek,  
But not a word did either speak.

They vanished, but I knew that they  
Had brought me flower of peace that day.

## XIV



HE fog rolls in as it has rolled  
For years that never can be  
told,  
And all the sky is dull and  
gray  
As in the far-off, olden day;  
And hearts still ache  
Until they break,  
As it has been since Death held sway.

But though the fog be deeper rolled  
The sun's above it as of old;  
No sky can be so dull and gray  
But that the blue will have its way;  
And hearts will wake  
For love's dear sake,  
As it has been since Life held sway.

XV



WOMAN, great of form  
and face,  
Who seemed to be of  
Sorrow's race,  
Led me away from sun-bright air,  
And from the trees and blossoms fair,  
To lonely depth of solemn wood  
Where but the sombre cypress stood.

She gently breathed a wordless prayer,  
Then left me strangely dreaming there;  
And when I waked, a newer grace  
Was round me as with love's embrace,  
And forth I went in heartened mood  
Beneath the spell of chastening's good.

## XVI



HAT note is this which  
sweeps  
Along the mountain steeps,  
Where neither grass nor  
tree

Nor verdured thing can be?

'Tis Life's great trumpet blown  
By lips that heroes own:

“The death-strewn Past is gone—  
The Present's yours;—march on!”



## XVII



HE world o'erflows its cup  
of woe,  
Each heart has felt the knife  
of pain;

But I would have my soul to know  
That all is best, that God doth reign.



O Grief that is darker than night!  
O Sympathy brighter than light!  
Mysterious twins, I have heard  
Your awfullest, soothingest word.







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